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UNITY

Reading Room Division
School

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI.

CHICAGO, JULY 16, 1903.

NUMBER 19

If there were two valleys in California or Australia, with two different kinds of gravel in the bottom of them; and in the one bed you could dig up, occasionally and by good fortune, nuggets of gold; and in the other stream bed, certainly and without hazard, you could dig up little caskets, containing talismans which gave length of days and peace; and alabaster vases of precious balms, which were better than the Arabian Dervish's ointment, and made not only the eyes to see, but the mind to know, whatever it would—I wonder in which of the stream beds there would be most diggers?

JOHN RUSKIN.

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UNITY

VOLUME LI.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1903.

NUMBER 19

The humiliating discovery that eight candidates for the University of Princeton have been guilty of dishonesty in their examinations has stirred up a correspondent to go in search of a "short book or tract on the question of lying such as might be suitable for young men who are presumably candidates for college honors and perhaps members of the church. After making a round of book stores he was able to find no clue to a work on this subject except Opie on Lying, which was not "in stock," and a penny tract on "the sin of falsehood," published by the American Tract Society. Can any of our readers help our correspondent out? We should be glad to publish in UNITY any reference list of books and articles on Lying that might be sent to us.

The Wesley centennial has brought into fresh relief the many subtle and almost forgotten principles that entered into the Wesley revival. "It is said that in his old age, Mr. Wesley regretted that he had not insisted on a Methodist dress as simple as that of Quakers and of mean material." No feeling of the master is farther removed from the practice and less congenial to the spirit of modern Methodism than this; and when we remember the awful outlay of time, money and spiritual concern which the modern man and woman give to the dress question, we receive a new impression of the sanity of the great founder of Methodism. He did not overestimate the temptation. That he had no clear vision as to the remedy may be inferred from his halting in its presence. The evil is more imminent now than then. The need of a remedy is as great and the difficulty of the problem still enough to stagger a John Wesley.

"The Lynching Madness" is the title of a strong and searching editorial in the *Nation* of July 2, the argument and conclusion of which are well expressed in the title. There is such a thing as a social psychology. There is a fell contagiousness in crime. "Suggestion" is a word much used nowadays in regard to individual diseases and their cures. This word has equal significance not only in regard to mob violence, but to the crimes which instigate them. At one time the police found it necessary to exclude the public from Chicago's high water tower because of the frequency of the suicides to which it lent itself. The very frequency with which crimes that ought to remain nameless are named in glaring colors in the press, doubtless has much to do in instigating the very crimes. "Speak of angels and they are near to you," is a saying of which the obverse is equally true. Persist in talking about devils, and devilish things will soon be in abundant evidence.

The contribution of railroads to the industrial and social life of the world is a matter so trite that any attempt to comment upon it grows tedious from its inadequacy. The contribution of railroads to the fine arts is a neglected theme. The railroads have demonstrated the proper method of constructing a kitchen, which housekeepers are slow to adopt. The kitchen, as the railroad has developed it, has acquired the compactness, exactness and convenience of an academic laboratory, which is just what it should be in every home. The Pullman system has developed the drawing room and even the sleeping room, with their attachments of reading room and buffet, to their maximum of comfort with the minimum of space and a modern up-to-date "through train" on any of the great trunk lines is a most suggestive study in architecture pointing to new lines of departure from the conventional schools which may well receive at the hand of architects very careful study. It will take a long time before they can successfully introduce into their building the line, tint and proportion which represent the consummate art achieved in an up-to-date American passenger train. All this is suggested by the illuminated announcement of the "Daylight special," the last achievement of the Illinois Central in the special train that does duty between Chicago and St. Louis. The train is done in brown, gold and green, and is reproduced in such beautiful color effects that the prospect of a ride on such a train is as an invitation to a banquet, an art gallery, or a traveling picnic across wheat-laden and corn-yielding prairies trimmed with rivers and decorated with forests.

The *Nation* quotes approvingly from the *Chicago Chronicle* the following sentences from "a distinguished citizen of Montgomery, Alabama," concerning the horrible revelation of the peonage system—a system so antique that the very word sounds archaic and many of our readers will need to look it up:

"Here is one phase of this unfortunate affair which causes more sorrow than any other—where is the aroused public indignation that ought to follow such atrocities? What is the matter with the press of the state, with the priesthood and with the enlightened men and women of this district? Why do they withhold their condemnation of this great crime?"

We share with our Alabama fellow citizen in the belief that this is the most alarming symptom of moral degeneracy that we know of in the life today and in his sorrow for the soul that has lost the power of feeling a "righteous indignation." Malfeasance in office, corruption and arrogance in legislative halls, shady methods in business, sham methods in education, an appeal to wrong motives or a justification of the same, all are characterized in cartoon, cleverly ridiculed in

July 16, 1903.

the Irish of Dooley and the false fables of Ade, and the multitudes laugh, but few wax warm with holy anger. It is not in good form to be too much in earnest over reforms. Not principle but expediency is the god to be worshiped.

Is it not time we began to take new lessons in moral seriousness and to give our children the impression that there is something worth living for and perhaps dying for, besides money, artistic elegance, and social respectability?

There can be no doubt that the abhorrence aroused by the Russian massacres of Jews is a national sentiment. If President Roosevelt were to give official expression to that sentiment he would unquestionably be justified morally and religiously, and still there is grave hesitation on the part even of the Jewish petitioners as to the wisdom of such a step. What if Russia were to refuse to receive such a message from the President of the United States, or resent it with insolent language, or what if it should retaliate by saying, "You're another"? We should answer to the first question as a great nation pleading for righteousness, we can afford to "pocket" any indignities that might be offered us for righteousness' sake. We could introduce the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount into the diplomatic code and say, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil against you for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." The United States can afford to accept in non-resisting patience and graciousness an indignity of that kind better than Russia can afford to offer such an indignity. A great nation should not hesitate to declare itself for the right lest it be challenged under the dueling code that still obtains between nations. The true "gentleman" of today tells the truth when it is necessary and does not consider that his honor is smirched if he refuses to handle the pistols with the liar. The United States is big enough and ought to be great enough to refuse to be governed by the dueling code of mediaeval diplomacy, and as to the alternative, if Russia sees fit, as well she might, to ask us to look to things at home and take our own medicine, then let us do as we are bid—think of our own atrocities to the unoffending yellow man in the islands of the Pacific and of our brutal lynchings of the black man at home; and let us hang our heads in shame and ask Russia to plight herself with us in the interest of a better life in the future.

At Tower Hill.

At last the graduations are all over, the commencement addresses all given, the Fourth of July address completed. At Durand, an Illinois town which has not outgrown the good old fashioned celebration, the 130-mile horseback ride from Milwaukee to Tower Hill is accomplished, and "ye editor," from his porch at Westhope cottage, is dictating his weekly message to UNITY readers. If the notes are a little torrid, the reader must remember the thermometer is up in the nineties.

But the editorial mind is in the main serene, for there is no ice trust at Tower Hill. The water is of the best and the trees are increasingly umbrageous, the lawn is a triumph and the high water still fills the banks of the Wisconsin with never a sand bar in sight.

What of the commencements? Now that they are over for another year, before the Seniors of 1904 begin to plan is it possible to drop a few suggestions born of the sanity of experience? Is it possible to save the nerves of both teachers and graduates from the awful strain,—we use the adjective deliberately,—without losing the sweetness, the pride and above all the ideality of the occasion?

Because we believe so much in the sweet girl graduate and the brave boy orator, we are pained to see the dangers to which they are exposed on graduation day. The physical strain of examination and thesis is too apparent to need comment, the financial strain of engraved invitations, illuminated programs, scented and be-ribboned, of hall and livery, the new dress, the carriages and the social functions necessary to an up-to-date graduation, is not so apparent but it is a strain very real to the sympathetic student of the occasion. The moral danger, the spiritual strain involved in this show and parade is still less apparent, but none the less real. Democracy is not only the child of education but it is the guardian of education. In public schools at least these shows are in a high sense "illegal," for here at best the child of the poorest man is the peer of the child of the wealthiest man, other things being equal, and in private schools and universities the nearer the approach to the standard of the public school in this direction the higher is their claim for the respect and confidence of their public.

A word as to the Fourth of July celebration. We are old fashioned enough to believe in the old fashioned Fourth, with its reading of the declaration, the singing of Columbia, the "oration," pink lemonade, chicken pie, rag-a-muffin race, and a limited number of fire crackers, but the Fourth of July celebration as a whole in the United States is in a state of arrested development. It has not kept pace with the intelligence of the people, it has not absorbed the culture of the colleges or profited by the refinements that come with growth and multiplied resources.

Of course here as elsewhere the responsibility lies with the competent. In so far as these "celebrations" are inadequate and indecorous, the shame lies at the feet of the more competent. Public spirit has broken down with the classes. Better crude patriotism than no patriotism. Alas for the country whose great birthday celebration is used as a selfish indulgence by its most competent citizens. Regattas, golf tournaments, tennis matches and automobile races as class amusements, are poor substitutes for the noble enthusiasm and patriotic demonstration of the masses, which include all classes.

As to the ride—three days of sunshine—of a traveling study of an industrious people, mainly happy—happy because industrious—abundant meadows calling for sweat—countless herds exacting dairy cares—that and much more is the reward for the heat and the

saddle stiffness of a ride from Milwaukee to Tower Hill.

And the last reward, nerves prepared for Tower Hill rest and work, with Tower Hill at its maximum, all settled and at work before the editorial arrival. The present population represents three preachers and five teachers, with the necessary complement of common people. Among the expectations not on the program and not heretofore published, is a Sunday given to the race problem, with representative speakers from the two races. Rev. Newton M. Mann, from Omaha, is to stop on his way to the island where hay fever does not abide and give three lectures, viz., Copernicus, Galileo and Pasteur. More anon.

A Song of Faith.

There is a song to rule the heart,
Whichever way our world may wend;
Its noble music takes our part,
The strength and comfort of a friend;
It is our faith's exalted song,
Subduing discords of the mart;
It conquers care and it conquers wrong,
This happy song hid in the heart!

Thro' all the years its virtues shine,
As dream of hope and courage pure;
Its impulse is to things divine,
Wherein our life is safe and sure;
It is enfoldment of high love,
To heal each burning wound and smart;
As it rules below, it will rule above,
The passion and beauty of the heart!

It is the song the stars first heard,
When all the worlds to bliss were born;
The bounds of space by it were stirred,
As angel echoes filled that morn;
Today it finds the souls of men,
As rays into the roses dart,
And they can hear that strain again—
As innocence and love of heart!

The stars may perish as the flowers,
And other worlds as flowers arise,
This melody will then be ours,
Repeated under brighter skies;
And we shall sing with fuller voice,
The song we here but knew in part,
And more and more shall we rejoice—
With this great music in our heart!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

It has been found necessary to reprint "The Story of a Bird Lover," which was first issued in March by *The Outlook* Company. Beyond doubt many who have heard of this book know little of the author, W. E. D. Scott, who has been called "a second Audubon." He is a graduate of Harvard, where he was a pupil of Agassiz. In spite of a lameness which compels him to walk, even in the house, with caution and with the aid of a cane, he has traveled all over the United States, pursuing his study of the life and character of the bird in its out-of-door, natural surroundings. Not one of the least interesting things about his achievement is the fact that a physical impediment which would be considered by many people to be an almost insuperable obstacle in his path as a naturalist has really turned out to be an advantage and aid.

THE PULPIT.

Vision of the Spiritual.

SERMON BY DR. H. W. THOMAS, PREACHED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JULY 5, 1903.

The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. (II Cor. x. 18.)

Thoughtful minds must be impressed with the vastness of their material surroundings. The mass or quantity of material, of "world-stuff," that goes to make the countless planets, suns and systems of the universe is incalculable, staggering the understanding, the reason to which the amazing facts are revealed.

More wonderful is the fact that all these worlds are orderly in their ceaseless, tireless orbits; that everything from atoms to stars is under law. Still more wonderful that this order has been a process of the ever-becoming; that it is purposeful; teleological, has final cause; moves to an end. "Continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by reason of inherent forces," is the scientific definition of evolution as given by the late Le Conte.

Most wonderful of all is the fact that this rational progressive and teleological order of the ever-becoming came at last to expression in the rational and moral consciousness of man. Out of all this age and world-process and play of material forces, and up from the beginnings of life in the simple protoplasm, arose a being who was self-conscious, who could say, I am, and, looking at the world, the universe, could say, It is.

Cosmos meant world; world meant life; life meant man, meant self-consciousness, reason and all the powers of mind, and moral consciousness, or the sense of right and duty. A being who could understand the properties and forces of this mighty other something that we call nature; could utilize its laws and weigh and measure planets and suns; a being who could know and live in the worlds of both material quantities and moral principles; could know beauty and justice and rejoice in love and hope; a being with vision of the Infinite and the forever.

From such inductive reflections as these we may look with larger meaning upon the ideas of the natural and the spiritual and the temporal and the eternal. And we may have a clearer conception of the wonderful life of man, and the greatness of the tasks of learning, of knowing, of doing and being that he essays in the few years of time.

He has ever before him the three great facts of cosmology, or world; psychology, or self; theology, or God. These are the great books in the world beyond the books that man makes; the books of the world of the real; the books of things that are, about which man thinks and writes.

Here is the vast field of the self, the other and the Infinite, and these books of the real—of that which is—have been continuously before the minds, and a part of the life of each generation of the long past; and before the minds and hearts of these great years of the present they are opened wider than ever before.

The cosmos, the world and the universe, the self and the Infinite—the soul and God. Upon these mighty facts of the existential—of what has been and is—the millions of all ages have thought, worked and hoped. Material nature has been the inseparable correlative of man's physical body; and with this he has had to constantly deal. The world of truth has been the constant correlative of the reason of man, and the world of the beautiful, the good, the Divine has waited upon and appealed to the moral, the affectional and emotional and opened up all the high themes of the soul and God.

Here has been the field of inventions and discovery, of toil and achievement in the material. Here have arisen the schools and systems of philosophy in the efforts to divine and explain the self; what this conscious, thinking something that we call mind is, and what are its relations to the other, or the not self, or how and what does or can the mind know of this other that is ever rising up before it.

And as these millions of self-conscious selves or beings are related to and must somehow live and associate one with the other, forms of government have had to arise, at first the patriarchal and tribal, then the despotic kingdoms and empires, and later the constitutional monarchies and democracies or republics.

Into this thought and fact of a relative life came—had to come, for it was in the very constitution of things—the ideas and principles of right, of justice, of reciprocity, of kindness, mercy and love. And here the soul felt itself face to face, not alone with the necessary principles of essential morality, but face to face with principles and qualities that in their very nature are Infinite. And hence arose—had to arise—the thoughts and emotions of religion.

Face to face with self and other; with the wonderful order of nature; with the relations of man to man and the eternal order of the good; the soul stood face to face with God and the vision and hopes of the forever. Religion was born, not invented or made; its sources are in the nature and needs of man, and its correlatives or answerings are in and from the Infinite life and love. But, like industry and government, religion has been—had to be—a growth; and it could grow only with the ever-becoming life of man.

In the order of nature, the sense-life is first. The material senses perceive material things; objects are seen and felt; sounds come to the ear, and properties are perceived by tastes and odors. And these forms, or gateways of learning and knowing, continue through all the after years.

And naturally and necessarily the life of man as a physical existence is largely conditioned in the material. This is the field of his activities and of his sense enjoyments. And this being so, the sense-life has its important place and value; and in their proper uses the senses and passions are a good, and not an evil; are sacred, and as such should be enjoyed. It is a great mistake to punish the body to save the soul.

But, in the order of nature, the sense-existence of the body—so short and uncertain—is not final, but a means to a higher end. That end is the development of the mind through all the forms of sense-knowing and doing and becoming through experience. And in this again are the great virtues of temperance, of purity and of social justice in the transactional righteousness of truth and honesty in all the relations of business, and the rights of man in government, and of reason in religion and conscience.

Hence the great questions of psychology and sociology are at bottom religious questions; they belong to the possibilities of spiritual knowing and the religion of right relations; their source is in the soul and God, and the real kingdom of heaven is in having and living and being these in the heart and life of a world.

But giving the widest possible range to the place and value of the sense-life and the perceptive reason, it does not and can not compass nor express the subliminal heights and depths of the wonderful nature of man as a spiritual being.

And it is at this point that the paths of philosophy meet and part. Here the battles of speculative thought have long been fought; and here have been both the open doors to doubt and denial on the one hand, and on the other to the sure and abiding foundations of a great and living faith.

The philosophy of Bacon emphasized sense-knowing, and Locke made the senses the source of all knowledge; there could be nothing in the mind that was not first in the senses, and in this sense-knowledge it is the sense impressions only that are known, and not that which produces them. Bishop Berkeley and Hume replied that if this be so, if we cannot know the outer world that produces the sensations, then we cannot know that there is any world, anything beyond sensation. Suppose we deny the existence of all but sensation! What is your answer?

And England stood, halted on the verge of the vast abyss of the utter negation of all reality. Over against the sensational school arose Descartes, Spinoza and Malebranche, affirming the reality of mind as an entity; a something back of and deeper than the senses. Along this line followed the Scotch thinkers, Reid and Stewart, and the German, Kant, Fichte and Hegel.

These opposing schools are known as Sensationalism and Idealism; the one appeals to sense experience, the other to the deeper facts of the larger consciousness in which are the laws of the mind and the intuitions that did not and could not come through the senses.

These schools are also called the material and the spiritual; and in their extreme forms may deny the existence of matter on the one hand, and on the other deny spirit. The common-sense philosophy admits both, as in the natural realism of Sir William Hamilton. The great value of Kant is in affirming the validity of the moral consciousness; and in this is the high place of the Intuitions of the Mind in the great work of Dr. McCosh, and the Seat of Authority by Dr. Martineau.

The inductive method of Bacon—trying to find the facts of the natural order—gave a new impulse to science. Sense perception and understanding were suited to these matters of fact in the material world, and having succeeded in this, the tendency was to carry the same method over into the world of mind and heart; hence the movement was toward materialism, and the sensational philosophy of Locke tended in the same direction.

And the results are still more apparent in the positive philosophy of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Bain, and, we may say, Huxley and Tyndall. The tendency of the whole system is to make matter and mind essentially one and the same thing. Dr. Maudsley claims that the brain cells manufacture thought and emotion, just as other organs secrete bile or gastric juice.

And very naturally the sensational philosophy becomes utilitarian in morals. There is no such thing as mind, spirit, as an entity, having its own and essential constitution and laws; what we call mind, reason and moral consciousness are only molecular changes in the cells of the brain. And there is no such thing as right, as a principle; no such thing as duty—the imperativeness of the ought and the ought not. Virtue is only a refined expediency, and happiness is the highest motive.

The sensational philosophy may be, and is, powerful in the fields of the material sciences and the acquisitive forces of industry—of doing and achieving on the material plane; and the utilitarian morals of expediency and pleasure may put no troublesome questions of right and duty—of the rights of others, and the duty of the stronger to the weaker—in the paths of empire, of conquest, and the ambitions and pride of power. And these philosophies may project and maintain a formal religion, with church decree and creeds resting upon authority; a religion of expediency to help hold the people under control, and by the acces-

sories of art and music to please the æsthetic sense of the more cultured; a religion of external authority and popular display. All this is easily possible on the lower planes of the sense philosophy and of utilitarian expediency and pleasure.

But I tell you that a profounder philosophy of the higher nature of man as a spirit, as a rational and moral being in the image of God, and consciously related to the eternal principles and essential morals of the Divine order of the good, must underlie the loftier religion that rests faith upon the authority of truth and conduct upon the imperativeness of the right. A religion that lives, not upon forms and ceremonies—these may be incidents, helps—but lives in the glad and conscious communion of the soul with God; a religion that is the life of God in the soul of man.

That was and is the essential life of Judaism and Christianity. It has place and use for all there is in this world of sense experience and the perceptive reason that looks out upon and deals with the material; but it has a not less clear consciousness of the higher world of the spiritual; it enthrones the eternal laws and principles of the true and the good, and lives the great life of the justice of love and the hope of the forever.

Having traveled suggestively over these long ways and fields, we have come to the world and home where have lived the great souls of the earth: Buddha, Socrates, the Prophets, the Christ; the souls that had visions of more than the world of sense, of material achievement, of expediency and pleasure. They lived in the great realities of the real, in the realms of spiritual knowing, doing, being, and ever-becoming.

And here was the home, the world, of the great and beautiful souls whose memories we and the millions gladly celebrate. Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Wesley and William Ellery Channing lived in the light of the subliminal vision. It was not a theory only, but a great and glad fact of spiritual consciousness. And here, too, was the world of the great prophets of old who never doubted the eternal truth and right; and here lived John and Paul, Savonarola and Luther; they had visions of the Divine.

Yes, and here lived Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, and the founders and defenders of a government of the free that rests upon the "inalienable rights of man." Great names, memories and principles these that we gladly celebrate, because the moral grandeur of life are on the soul-side of being. And we do well to emphasize the spiritual verities of these strange years of the over-accentuated values of the material side of existence. We cannot too vigilantly guard the foundations of the freedom that was so dearly bought, nor too nobly build the temples of liberty, and there is yet to arise the Divine church and religion of humanity, large as the sky above and loving as the heart of God.

In these troubled years, the Holy Spirit of truth, of life, of liberty and the justice of love, is moving upon the deeper centers of thought and feeling; the great questions of sociology are taking hold of the conscience of the world. The "great white throne" of social justice is being lifted up, not in the heavens of eternity, but here on the earth; and to this judgment seat all must come. Race and religious prejudices and hatreds, the massacre of Jews in Russia, and the lynching and burning of black men in America, must answer at the throne of the outraged reason and justice of a world.

This is what it means to stand with open vision and face to face with the unseen; for souls to face souls; to face the eternal right. Man is then himself the judgment-day, himself the judge and the judged. The things of sense can then no longer blind; expediency

and pleasure, gain and the pride of power can be no palliation for imperialism plundering the republics of Africa, or for this land of the free forcing its rule upon the far-off Philippines.

And all this is the truth and the clear seeing of what man is, what the moral constitution of the universe is; the vision of what God is; and it is to this higher sense of the eternal justice that the new conscience is making its appeal in the battle of right against might.

We should all rejoice in the tremendous forces and augmentations of the power of man to do in all the fields of industry where once was only the strength of human hands and arms. The wealth-producing power of machinery holds the easy possibilities of homes and plenty and beauty, of books and music, for the millions. But these mighty forces are projected upon the planes of the material, and may be turned to the abuses of luxury or the abnormal gains of the few.

The one and greatest need of these wonderful years of material triumphs is the spiritual vision of the Divine in the natural; the vision and meaning of the material as a school of training for the rational and moral; the vision of man as a Divine being in the process of training, and that the imperishable values are not in things, but in qualities; in the principles and emotions of justice and love that shall live beyond the passing pleasures of sense existence when worlds grow old and die.

O when all souls are open to the vision of the eternal, the vision of man as the child of God, and all men as brothers, then will the strifes and wearying attritions of greed and gain and power and the wastes and cruelties of wars cease. The troubled scenes of politics and labor and capital will become a glad and peaceful righteousness; religion will be a great life of love, and over the nights of time will shine the stars of the beautiful forever; and just there and near, the home where the dear ones wait for you and for me.

Memorial to Dean Haskins.

A fund of \$50,000 is being raised for a memorial to the late Charles Waldo Haskins, whose excellent book, "Household Accounts," was published by Harper & Brothers just after the author's recent death. The fund will be used for the endowment of a professorship in the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of New York University, to be known as the Charles Waldo Haskins Professorship of Auditing and History of Accountancy. Ten thousand dollars of the fund has already been subscribed.

Resurrection.

Behold this thought
Which I have wrought
With anxious care,
To clothe its beauties rare
In a form as dainty sweet
As that which came my inmost soul to greet!

And now 'tis done;
And the prize is won;
And the paper, old and worn,
By my own hands is torn
And cast into the fire.
Its dying embers crumble and expire,

While I sit by with ne'er a wish to mourn;
For the soul of thee

Is here, in me,
And shall again be born,
From all pollution free!

So my Creator, in this frame of mine,
To which I cling as if it were my all,
Mourning to witness its poor ruined fall,
Doth fashion still for me a frame divine.
And they who see me, worn and blotted here,
Shall see me then, as I to him appear,
From earth's pollution free;

In the immortal form that he hath kept for me.

FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD.

Somerville, Mass.

Temperance and Science.

We have now reached a point in our civilization and mental development where we demand evidence for statements made or arguments presented. In other words, we ask for facts. In the days not so long since past and within the memory of most of us, the emotions, the feelings, were appealed to; and often very effectively. This was true of the Temperance Cause no less than of other reforms. But, in the case of Temperance Reform, there is this to be said, that, though there were many wild statements made on its behalf, still, those who made them often builded better than they knew. In other words, science has since corroborated the major part of their assertions. By science, I mean research, experiment, fact, proof. This is surely a great vindication of the temperance cause. And I am convinced that it is along this line that the battle for temperance is to be fought out—and won.

We are becoming a more enlightened people, and we ask whence, whither, why, how, proof? The temperance cause has nothing to lose from this cross-examination, but everything to gain. It "courts publicity."

What I might call the medical side of the temperance question has always appealed to me with great force. The other side, the moral and social, are equally important. But to me they hang upon the medical or hygienic side. Once convince the people that there is absolutely no good in alcohol, either as a medicine or a beverage, and the social and moral aspects will take care of themselves. Demonstrate that as a medicine alcohol is no good. It can be done. The best, the most scientific, the least prejudiced physicians and scientists, from Dr. B. W. Richardson to Professor W. O. Atwater, stand ready to back you up. A physician will very often prescribe alcohol because he knows his patient "won't be happy till he gets it." But the majority of doctors, be it said to their credit, will not prescribe alcohol if they know their patient is indifferent to it. As for the rest, the physician who does not know that alcohol is a "broken reed" as a medicine is behind the times.

There is a little instrument that proves the truth of what I say. It is called the sphygmograph. It is placed upon the wrist over the pulse, and while in that position it registers the fluctuations in the heart beats, drawing a diagram of the same upon a properly prepared chart. A subject with a normal pulse is chosen for the demonstration. A drink of alcohol is administered. The pulse immediately jumps up above the normal. It soon descends, however, to the normal where it was before the drink was taken, but it does not remain there, but goes on descending until it is far below the normal as it was above, and in some cases farther; and moreover, it does not regain the normal until after a comparatively long time. In some cases it never regains the normal, and then, of course, death ensues. This experiment is proof positive of what value there is in alcohol as a medicine. Can any scientifically trained mind place any reliance in such a medicine? The fact that the sphygmograph showed a rapid rise of the pulse after the alcohol was taken accounts for the elation felt after a "drink." This leads people to conclude that the alcohol has actually *added* something to them, whereas, in reality, it has simply taken something from them, namely, vitality. The fact that vitality has not been increased, but decreased, is proved by the fact that it takes so long for the pulse to recover its normal beat after the depressive reaction. In other words, alcohol is shown to be no better, to say the least, than the spur is to the horse. It puts nothing into the horse, but "takes it out of him."

Such a demonstration is irrefutable; there is no escape. The leading armies of the world have come

to recognize this. Russia, for instance, though backward in some things, is up-to-date in this particular. When any severe and protracted marching is to be done the soldiers are allowed no alcohol whatever. It has been found out that soldiers with no alcohol in their rations endure a march much better than those who are allowed to have it. They "fall by the wayside," literally; and we know only too well that they fall by the "wayside of life."

There are experiments without number to substantiate the position that I am taking. There are some people who will believe nothing until it is "tried on the dog." Well, these and similar experiments *have* been "tried on the dog" with proportionately the same results.

Now, if alcohol as a medicine can thus be disposed of, its case as a beverage goes by default. It must have the same unfortunate effect, in proportion, whether taken as a medicine or a beverage. My contention is that the facts show that alcohol has no value either as a food or a medicine. If anyone can show me to the contrary I am willing to learn. Accordingly, then, if my position is correct, to continue using alcohol in either of these capacities is simply unscientific.

I am aware that there are two points of view to every question, and I grant to others the same right to their point of view as the right I claim to assert mine. All I ask is for facts. Bring forth your facts and submit them to the test.

It is along these lines that I think the temperance cause will very largely have to work in the future. The people want facts; they want results. Show them the economic results; show them the moral results; but do not neglect to show them the irrefutable physiological and scientific results, for it is here, I am convinced, that the greatest gain is to be made to the temperance cause in the future. If a man is not convinced from this point of view it is not probable that he will be from any other. Once gain his assent to the scientific basis of temperance and you have him on the other two. But the reverse of this is by no means true.

Now, while I would not counsel any diminution of effort along the social or legislative and moral lines, I would urge greater attention to the line I have indicated. Effort in this line will take the burden from the others and make their efforts count for more.

The immediate effects of the alcoholic habit may not be manifest in a detrimental way, but sooner or later they make themselves felt. An article, which every temperance advocate should read, has just appeared in "*The World's Work*" for February, entitled "Physical Breakdown," by Floyd Crandall, M. D. It goes to corroborate what I affirmed—that the leading members of the medical profession are allies of the temperance movement. The following quotation is to the point: "With the possible exception of bad diet and methods of eating, alcoholic drinking is the most fruitful cause of human breakdown. One point only will be considered—the physical effects of so-called moderate drinking." In speaking of those men who thus drink, and think it does them no harm, Dr. Osler, whose opinion is respected by medical men on two continents, speaks as follows: "During the fifth decade, just as business and political success is assured, Bacchus hands in heavy bills for payment in the form of serious diseases of the arteries or of the liver or kidneys, or there is a general breakdown." This is a statement of a physiological truth in very plain and unmistakable language. While a few constitutions seem to tolerate much more than the average, the fact remains that alcohol is an insidious, treacherous and dangerous element. Its use in considerable daily quantities is always productive of serious and considerable harm."

STANLEY MERCER HUNTER

The Dayton Idea.

President Eliot of Harvard, in a recent address before the Colonial Club of Cambridge, Massachusetts, set forth what he considers the essential requirements of humane employment of labor. They are five in number, all exemplified, so it is claimed, in the employment of teachers and at Harvard University, but not ordinarily present in great industrial establishments. In fact the nearest industrial approach to what may be called the Harvard plan is probably still to be found in the working out of the famous "Dayton idea," which John H. Patterson has developed in connection with his business of making cash registers, and which, though the development of the idea is not yet complete in every detail, has supplied the world with an economic model. How at least four of the five requirements set up by President Eliot are met adequately at the Dayton institution it is the purpose of this article to show.

The first condition which President Eliot deems essential is opportunity for advancement of employees. He holds it important that workmen shall have opportunity to earn better and better wages as they grow in experience, attainments and age. "This condition," says President Eliot, "means for the laborer hope, expectancy, recognition of merit, and gradually increasing reward of merit." Now under present relations of labor and capital this is not so easy of accomplishment. Indeed the student of economics who learns for the first time that the Dayton factory conducts most of its departments under union rules might be inclined to doubt if a rising wage is logically possible; and there is no doubt that the regulations of organized labor make it difficult to advance the pay of employees to correspond with increased earning power and experience. Yet even that difficult task has been effectively accomplished by the National Company, through adoption of a system of transfers which makes it possible for a man who is industrious and efficient to graduate from one line of work into another that is better paid. The man may thus in the end achieve promotion to a place in the ranks of the administrative officers. For example, a truckman may be employed by the factory at 13½ cents an hour. After six weeks if he proves efficient he will get 16½ cents and after a year's work he will be paid \$1.75 or \$2.00 a day. If he shows ability to earn more than this amount, which is the union limit, he is transferred to a high paid department where he can look forward to the time when he will earn \$3.00 as an assembler or even more as a job boss or assistant foreman. The foremen of a factory are in most cases machinists of the highest attainment. They are graduates from the tool room, where the finest mechanical work is required and in their upward climb have before them a hope of earning \$40 or \$50 a week. Some of the old foremen in the National Company have not stopped in that position but have gone on farther, becoming superintendents of a department or supervisors of a group of departments and earning salaries of \$3,000 a year and upwards. The chairman of the factory committee, the man who has earned by rising wage a place on the Board of Directors, and the manager of the works, have been promoted step by step from the lowest paid positions in the factory. In the case of the women employes the system provides two increases of wages for time and service, and after the girls have shown that they can earn more than the standard day's pay they are put on piece work, where they can earn all they are industrially worth, since there is no union limit to the output of the women employes. While many of the young women leave the factory to preside over their own homes, those who remain have before them the hope of being promoted to the position of

assistant forewoman or forewoman, or being transferred into some department where greater skill commands higher wages.

Steady employment is urged by President Eliot as the second universally desired condition. After adequate probation has proved the value of the employe, he should not be dismissed except for plainly visible, indisputable causes. This implies on the part of the employer, thinks Dr. Eliot, a perfect readiness to deal justly and fairly with complaints. "It is the steady job," he asserts, "which develops fine human character and, on the other hand, spasmodic employment is a very unfavorable condition for the development of character." This condition, though obviously necessary, is so rarely found that the Harvard President believes it can hardly be said to exist among the earning industries of civilized nations. Yet he would probably judge this condition excellently developed in the factory where the "Dayton idea" has been operative. The first step which Mr. Patterson took toward the realization of this condition was the installation throughout the shops of small locked boxes for the reception of written complaints and suggestions. The foreman of a department might be an autocrat in his way and might in his reports to the management be influenced by his personal prejudice. Consequently the foremen were not given access to the complaint boxes and the humblest workman was assured that his grievances or his suggestion would get directly to the highest officials and be considered solely on its merits. As time went on Mr. Patterson sought to encourage the co-operation of his employes by giving prizes for some of the best suggestions. This encouraged the men who made complaints to think out some practical remedy for the evil of which they complained. The suggestions have increased until during the past year they amounted to about 4,000, of which over 2,000 were adopted. At the same time the complaints have grown steadily less.

While the steadily increasing business is something of a guarantee of a steady job for the competent employe, no factory can be absolutely assured against general economic conditions which may make it necessary to cut down its working force, nor can any factory which recognizes organized labor be certain of exemption from interference with its business by the labor politicians. All that can be done to secure not only permanency but the steady growth of the business Mr. Patterson is doing in the most systematic manner.

Furthermore, he has recently organized a labor department to act as a branch of the factory management in dealing with its employes to be equipped not only to stand up for the rights of the business, but to stand up for the rights of the men as well; to administer justice in small disputes before they have had time to grow into large controversies, and to increase in every way the permanence of employment for the competent employee.

Mr. Patterson, moreover, has gone outside of his factory walls, which are as beautiful as he can make them, and, as if to anticipate President Eliot's third condition of humane employment, encouragement for the making of a permanent home, he set about improvement of the neighborhood which, when he first established his factory, he found undesirable in many respects. He undertook betterment work for the children and families of the southern portion of Dayton, making no distinction between the families of his own employes and their neighbors. He furnished seeds and gave prizes for the best examples of landscape gardening; he got the boys of the neighborhood interested in gardens of their own; he established club houses and evening class not only for his employes but for their neighbors as well. He encouraged loan

associations and little by little he has raised the tone of the local without interfering with the individuality and independence of its people. Today one finds that the employes of the National Company have the strongest reasons for local attachment not only to their homes but to the factory itself, and that hardly any of them would seek a new home without deep regret.

President Eliot's fourth condition of humane employment is the opportunity to serve generously and broadly the establishment or institution with which the laborer has been connected. He seems to have in mind close identification with one's work, which brings about that feeling which the French call *esprit du corps*; and he is quite right in saying that it is as notable for its absence in ordinary industrial establishments as it is for its presence in universities and other educational institutions. The suggestion system developed under the "Dayton idea" has already been mentioned and it is quite easy to appreciate how a workman's interest in the factory will be increased when he knows that its productiveness is greater because of the suggestions which he has offered. The spirit of loyalty is also furthered by meetings of the employes at which prizes are awarded to those who have contributed some signal service for the common good. Even the men who do not win prizes feel that it is worth while to think out some plan of improvement, because they realize that the letters of encouragement which they will in any event receive from the management will help them toward promotion.

At the National factory the management presumes that the men will take pride in their surroundings and in their machines. Consequently even in the machine shops the windows are provided with white curtains which the workmen are careful not to soil, and the lathes and benches and planers are painted bright yellow and are invariably kept in perfect condition. This is in striking contrast to the policy of many of our factories, where it is assumed that it is useless to improve the appearance of work shops and where therefore the workman is given no reason for personal pride in his work.

The fifth condition of humane employment according to President Eliot is the pension for disability which he says was first introduced as a systematic right by Harvard University. This is the one point of divergence between President Eliot and Mr. Patterson. The Harvard president maintains that the pension idea gives security and dignity to the laborer, relieves him from anxiety for the future and makes him contented in a humble or unobserved career. Mr. Patterson, on the other hand, has hesitated to take any step which would seem to restrict the independence of his employes. The National Company undertakes to pay its people all they earn and allow them to make their own arrangements for security in the time of their disability. The company feels that there is a certain danger in making the men so contented that they will lose the ambition to rise to higher positions of responsibility and reward. It assumes that a man who is perfectly contented with his lot is more likely to retrograde than to progress. Then again, the management feels that the pension system could only be inaugurated by the retention of a portion of the wages of their employes to form a fund for this purpose. While this may be wise in government and in some other institutions it seems to be a questionable justice in the case of a strictly industrial establishment. On the other hand, the National Company takes pride in the fact that it pays a higher rate of wages than any other establishment in that section of the country, that its men have taken hold of building and loan associations without its paternal interference, and that the best workmen, whether they are union men or not, are

contented with a system which they themselves are encouraged to improve if possible.

FREDERICK W. COBURN.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Can Telepathy Explain?

Dr. Savage is one of the foremost popular preachers in America, which means that he is past master in the art of skillfully and eloquently setting forth his beliefs. Years ago he did notable service in preaching and applying the principles of evolution, when those principles were by no means so popular and widely accepted as they are now. Of late years he has come forward as the exponent of another cause that is sure to bring down some measure of unpopularity upon its defenders, the cause of psychical research.

The present book* is Dr. Savage's latest contribution to the problem of intercommunication between the present world and the "spiritual world" beyond the gates of death. It is a skillful advocacy of the theory that the supposed spirit communication is real, and not to be explained by the action of telepathy. The author frankly confesses at the outset that he is "strongly inclined to hold the belief in continued personal existence as capable of proof and in the possibility of at least occasional communication." Yet he declines to be called a Spiritualist, on the ground that the popular movement bearing that name "has been marked by credulity, a readiness to cover up, if not to defend, fraud, and an enthusiasm far from critical. To call myself a spiritualist, then, would be to take a position in popular estimation which I do not really hold."

The method followed by Dr. Savage is critical, so far as it can be in circumstances where the primary facts put in evidence depend upon a receptiveness of mind which is the reverse of the critical attitude. The writer is himself too entirely a believer by nature, and too long trained in impressing his beliefs upon his audience, to be able readily to take up the laboratory method of painfully sifting evidence. He has made a commendable effort at openness and judicial quality of mind, but his weighing of pros and cons is apt to impress the reader rather as the graceful posturing of the fencer before he pushes his point home. The bias of his mind comes out most clearly in his cavalier handling of the "sub-conscious self," concerning which, to say the least, the facts are not all in. Elsewhere, in his somewhat sharp criticism upon Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," Dr. Savage shows a healthy distaste for mere *a priori* theorizing.

His own belief is based upon a series of remarkable personal experiences of apparent communication, which are sufficiently impressive to give pause even to the type of mind that is disposed to dismiss the whole subject as impossible of verification. Either the subconscious self is a fellow of superhuman cunning and infinite knowledge, or this is a far more uncanny and creepy sort of universe than some of us have been able to believe. We owe Dr. Savage our thanks for having presented the alternative so clearly to his readers. His own transparent honesty and sincere desire to know the truth adds great weight to his recital of the experiences that touch his life most closely. If we incline, upon the whole, to agree with him that the communications must have been real and not telepathic, it is less because his case seems fully made out than because of the intrinsic difficulties in the telepathic explanation. Yet we have to confess our conclusion to be matter of faith, and not of scientific certainty.

*Can Telepathy Explain? Results of Psychical Research. By Minot J. Savage. G. P. Putman's Sons, New York and London. \$1 net; \$1.10 by mail.

The subject possesses immense fascination for those persons who have had experiences similar to Dr. Savage's. For such his little book will give confirmation to beliefs already latent, while it will not, probably, succeed in convincing those others to whom the whole subject is a dark and rather forbidding one. But when men like Dr. Savage and some whom he names in his appendix profess their belief in the possibility of communication with the "other world," the subject becomes at least matter of intelligent research if not for positive verification.

R. W. B.

Studies in Contemporary Biography.*

If we had here only the two remarkable studies of Disraeli and Gladstone which introduce and end the series, one seventy, the other eighty pages, we should have a noble book, but these are two of twenty studies not one of which is devoid of interest and importance, though some of them are much more interesting and important than others. Doubtless, moreover, some that are least interesting to the American reader will prove extremely so to the English public. Those on which we count with special confidence as likely to engage our American interest are those of Dean Stanley, Thomas Hill Green, John Richard Green, Charles Stewart Parnell, Cardinal Manning, Anthony Trollope, Freeman, Sidgwick and, *par excellence*, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, late editor of the *Nation* and *New York Evening Post*, Mr. Bryce's appreciation of whom is in agreeable contrast with the depreciation often meted out to Godkin by the rancor of those who, only too justly, smarted under his editorial lash. It is high praise for the *Nation* as edited by Godkin that Mr. Bryce accords to it—that it was not only the best weekly in America, but the best in the world. The most characteristic note of Mr. Bryce's work is its calm impartiality. One sometimes wishes that he would take a side with just a little violence. There is little here that is amusing, but surely the picture of Viscount Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe) is of this quality where he is represented as so near-sighted that his nose rubbed out his writing as he went along. Mr. Bryce's impartiality does not mean that all men are alike to him. Most unlike are Disraeli and Gladstone. Even when full acknowledgment has been made of Disraeli's better qualities he is still morally a figure who can walk between Gladstone's legs without inconvenience to himself. Gladstone's limitations are discerned and named, but they leave his ability and character quite unharmed, so grandly do his more characteristic qualities tower into preeminence.

Notes.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I am in receipt of an ideal volume, one of a series on making homes in the country. This, which is the first volume issued, is entitled "The Flower Garden; a Handbook of Practical Garden Lore," by Ida D. Bennet. The succeeding volumes will be "How to Make a Home in the Country," "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," "The Vegetable Garden," "The Battle With the Bugs," and probably a few more. These books are to be written by specialists, and it is intended that the series shall constitute as complete and popular a set of nature books as has ever been produced. The present volume is a success. It covers the field of house plants and garden plants. The division of topics is very judicious and the illustrations are plentiful and excellent. It is unlike any of our books on flower-growing because it

*Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce, author of "The Holy Roman Empire," etc., etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

is plainly original and not copied from predecessors. It is up to date also. I think that anyone who loves a flower-garden and house plants will find in this book exactly what is wanted, and a complete guide book in every way. It is handsome enough to lay on the table, and it is printed on the most substantial and durable tinted paper.

On the Table lies a book from Houghton & Mifflin, the work of Alice Brown, entitled "The Mannerings." It is a thoroughly unwholesome book. Everybody in it has a love agony; a something that catches them by the throat. If the world were made up of such wonderfully high strung creatures it would be Hades. But the Lord cannot make enough such folk; it is only the novelist who can do it. Thank the Lord! The taste of the book has spoiled a sweet spring day for me—the robin's songs and the spring beauties. I shall turn for a while to read some of Martineau's Letters, or a chapter in "The Heart of The Ancient Wood." You have heard how tea-tasters after a while lose the power of taste. To review a dozen such books would deaden my moral common sense, as well as my taste for love and life. Let us not forget that God, when he plants an orchard, does not plant blossoms, but trees; and these trees will of themselves, if cultivated, give the flowers in due time. Do your duty, and you will get the happiness; but if you insist on planting happiness, that will be the end of it. Love is a result of duty—simple everyday duty. I detest these novels which presume that the whole of life is made up of yearning after happiness!

A very small book comes from Funk & Wagnalls Company, called "The Keswick Movement." It is the work of Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. There is considerable good in the book; but it is another strain after happiness—that is as Mr. Pierson places it. I have not a doubt that there is need of a nobler life; but when it gets to be a profession to live it, the next step is to snub the sinners. I prefer myself to see God in everyday life and in the simplicity of the garden and the field. God moves in the opening of the apple blossom quite as much as in the tremendous gatherings of the saints. I think I can find him quite as readily in the garden as in the cathedral. God in everyday life is the want of our strenuous age.

When Mr. Bacheller gave us "Eben Holden" he gave us a work of both genius and talent. It was a rarely good novel, one of the best ever produced in America. His "D'ri and I" was evidently made up of the chips of its predecessor. It was good, but not good enough. In his new volume, "Darrel," we have an entirely fresh creation. I shall have more to say of it some other time. It is enough now to say that it portrays a man of original and rugged character, a wit, a philosopher and a man of really great power, who lives as a clock mender. I think you will all get deeply interested in "Darrel" and will probably become as warmly attached to him as you were to "Eben Holden." Mr. Bacheller's publisher is the Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I have a handful of thoroughly fresh and good stories. "Cap'n Simeon's Store" I have read through with a lot of satisfaction. It has nothing dull, although it keeps us constantly moving about in a group of old sailing masters. The field is strictly fresh, and it is worked in an artistic manner. The superstitions and the quaint conceptions originating in the peculiar life led by these skippers constitute a volume delicious for a summer day's reading. The chapter on "Horse Sense vs. Book Learning" is a capital piece of work. There is one chapter, however, entitled "The Day Spring Breeze," which for

pathos, natural beauty and fine art of workmanship equals anything done by Hawthorne, and I do not know where it is surpassed in English literature.

A second in this consignment is "The Legatee," by Alice Prescott Smith. It is a thoroughly good story, full of life and bringing out everywhere touches of strong womanhood and manhood. Its description of a forest fire is an admirable piece of work. You will be captivated by the book, I am quite sure. It portrays life in a western lumber town.

"John Percyfield" is Mr. Henderson's new book—this time a novel. Everybody who has met Mr. Henderson or read his "Education and the Larger Life" will read this book. It is by no means a common love story. The book is full of humor, strong sentiment and a deal of philosophy. I think I shall have something more to say about it.

G. P. Putnam's Sons send me a startling book by John R. Dos Passos, a member of the New York bar, who has written considerable on commercial questions. This new book is entitled "The Anglo-Saxon Century" and advocates the unification of the English-speaking people. It reminds me strongly of friend Hosmer's "Anglo-Saxon Freedom." He considers the only obstacle in the way of such a union as he advocates to be Canada and her provincial jealousy of the United States. Of course he advocates free trade throughout all Anglo-Saxon countries. It is pure nonsense to undertake to create international friendship on any other basis. If we are determined to carry on commercial war and try to damage our neighbors, we shall, of course, never have peace and friendship. The author undertakes to show that after free trade is established we should adopt a single standard of money and a common standard of weights and measures, after which we should refer all questions of dispute to an arbitration court with full power of jurisdiction. The only ground of criticism is that while an Anglo-Saxon union is all right, we have already outgrown it. The world demands an international fellowship that will not be limited to those who speak the English language. France is a natural ally of the United States and England in the great struggle which is about to take place over the open door question around the Pacific; so also is Japan; but neither of them speak the English language. Russia is our great antagonist, standing for despotic methods. The German people are with us; but German traditions and the German monarchy, with German ambitions, are intensely *dei gratia*. We shall probably be struggling with despotism before long in the biggest wrestle the world has ever known.

From A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, I am in receipt of "The Love Story of Abner Stone," by a young writer, Edwin Carlile Litsey. The first half of this book does not mention a girl at all, and it is difficult to believe that we are going headlong into a love story. It is an idyll of *nature*; it is another tribute to the fact that nature books are becoming exceedingly popular. In other words, we have a new type of books—about one-half devoted to worship of nature and the other to the worship of womanhood. They fit well together, for by and by we shall find out that all nature is one, and that we are part of the fields and sky, of the trees and the birds and the bees. Possibly the finding out of ourselves is only to be accomplished by finding out other people, and other things also. At any rate "The Love Story of Abner Stone" appears to me very much like a lily that grows up out of the soil, with beautiful leaves first, and then stalk, and then more beautiful leaves, before we get to the bud, the blossom and the perfume—of love.

E. P. POWELL.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. SHELDON.

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER I.

Points of the Lesson.

Let us count over now the points we have learned:

I. First, we found out what we meant by a Commemoration Ode, and that the subject of those beautiful lines in the Commemoration Ode by James Russell Lowell, was "Love of Country."

II. In the second place, we observed that in speaking of "Country" at the start, one thinks of the land, and hence usually one's country means one's native land.

III. In the third place, however, we noted that a man might be an adopted citizen and so that one's country sometimes might not be one's native land.

IV. In the fourth place, we commented on the fact that it is right and legitimate for adopted citizens to keep up an attachment to the land of their nativity, but that this should be made in every case, second to the devotion which they owe to the country of their adoption.

V. In the fifth place, we discovered that when a person becomes an adopted citizen, he has to promise to abide by the Constitution.

VI. In the sixth place, we have seen that the very fact that we are born in a country implies a kind of pledge that we will uphold the country as long as we live there; that we will obey its laws and support its Constitution.

VII. In the seventh place, we have seen that there must be a deep reason for the love of country, because of the fact that so many men have died for their country.

Poem.

"SANTA FILOMENA," by Longfellow.

A Story: Florence Nightingale.

When talking of "love of country" and "soldiers" and "war," one usually thinks of *men*, as if men were the only persons concerned with war. It is quite true that *women* have seldom been soldiers in the army, at least since historic times—although, as you know, there is a tradition about a certain class of women soldiers in the early days, who were called the Amazons. But we do not have any Amazons at the present time. Men are the only ones who are expected to do the fighting in battle. I suppose if I were to ask you to suggest to me some persons who come to your mind whenever war is spoken of, you would mention at once such names as Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar or Napoleon Bonaparte or George Washington. These men were all great soldiers. They knew how to lead armies and to fight.

But now I should like to tell you of another person whose name often comes to mind whenever I think of war. It is not the name of one who went into battle and fell wounded or dying in his country's cause. And yet the person I have in mind has been talked of all over the world, and especially in connection with the subject of war. But it is a woman's name I am thinking of, and it is the life of a brave woman of which we wish to tell you something. It may seem a little strange to you that there should be anything connected with war, that a woman could do, especially in camp life or on the field of battle. We think of woman as belonging to the home and being the center of home life.

Nevertheless there is one woman's name which is famous in connection with the subject of war. About forty or fifty years ago there was a war going on over in the East, in a part of the world known as the Crimea, and the war has been called the Crimean war. The English people who were engaged in this strife lost over twenty thousand men. There must have been some great battles fought there, some great work done by the soldiers, and some great work done by the leaders. And yet as a matter of fact, many of us do not even know the names of the generals who fought in that war; while on the other hand, whenever we think of what took place at that time, there comes to our thoughts the name of a woman, Florence Nightingale.

It is a beautiful name and one that we can easily remember, and it was a beautiful life that this woman lived. She came of a wealthy family, and might have passed her whole life in ease and comfort, not being obliged to work unless she chose to do so. She could have had people to wait on her, with a home full of all the luxuries that one's heart could desire. But for some reason she did not care so much even for comfort; she wanted to be actively at work. She had received a very fine education; she had studied hard and was one of the most educated women in England. What seems to have interested her more than anything else was nursing the sick. She set to

work, therefore, to find out all that could be known on the subject, to study with all her might, and to learn nursing as a science. And how long do you suppose she worked, studying the subject of nursing? A few months, you say, or a whole year? No, she gave herself over for ten whole years to this one aim. All that time she was studying nursing or the care of the sick. It was not the science of medicine she was working at, but only the sphere of work for a nurse. She traveled over Europe in order to find out what could be learned on this subject in other countries. She would go and stay for months in a hospital in France or in Germany, in order to learn more about her work.

And just about this time, after she had been studying nursing for nearly ten years, came the great Crimean war. Thousands of men were wounded on the field of battle, and thousands of men died in the hospitals from lack of care. News of this had come back to England and caused great commotion there. I suppose they did not have the system of nursing and hospitals in army camps in those days such as we would have at the present time. And Florence Nightingale thought to herself that she would go there to the Crimea with a number of workers, and organize a system of nursing among the wounded men. All her ten years of study were now to serve her in good stead. On the 21st of October, 1854, this brave woman set out with forty-two others, all trained nurses, for the Crimea. It was over in the neighborhood of the Black Sea, as you remember. And at once after reaching the camp hospital, she set to work, and in a few months she had over ten thousand sick men in her care. It is said that in one hospital of which she had charge, the rows of beds measured more than two miles in length. She has been known to stand for twenty hours at a time, taking care of the wounded as they were brought in from the battle. You can have little idea how the soldiers worshiped her. One man has said, for instance: "Before she came there was such cursing and swearing; and after that it was as holy as a church." Another man said: "She would speak to one and another and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know—we lay there in hundreds, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content."

At last even Florence Nightingale fell ill of a fever, and lay for a time as a patient in one of the hospitals. But as soon as she was well again she went back to her post and never left it till the war had ended and the last of the soldiers had gone back home. I fancy she must have saved thousands of lives by this work that she organized. It is not merely the tenderness of heart, the sympathy she put into it, but all the *thought* she gave to it, which made the work so great.

Nowadays we are used to hearing about hospital nursing in connection with war, and we know how it is that most of those that are wounded recover again, because of the care which the men receive. But it is not to be overlooked that this great change in the new system adopted in civilized countries has been largely due to the work of Florence Nightingale. In those days when she set out for the Crimea, only a few of those who were wounded would recover. Most of them had to die, because of lack of nursing and care.

Do you wonder that the men whose lives she saved were eager to kiss her shadow as she passed? Is it strange that her name should have gone all over the world? Nowadays thousands and thousands of women volunteer to do this kind of work in time of war. In the struggle between Spain and the United States over Cuba, as you know, more than thirty thousand women offered to enlist as nurses in the war.

But it was not like this in former days. The heroes or heroines are rather the ones *who do it first*—who set the example, who inspire others to the same purpose. And it was because Florence Nightingale took the lead in this, that we think so much about her now.

Suppose I were to ask you what it was that made Florence Nightingale so successful as a nurse, or as the founder of a great system of nursing among the sick and wounded in the armies of the world. You would say, perhaps, it was her spirit of devotion or willingness to go out bravely to another part of the world; her readiness to give up the ease and luxuries of a happy home and to endure all the hardships of camp life.

It is true, all this inspires us as something brave and noble. And yet I think there was something more. Do you fancy that any woman who had had the same spirit of devotion could have gone out and done the same work? For my part, I doubt it. What gave Florence Nightingale success more than anything else, or made her great to the world, was the way she went on educating herself for those ten long years. It was that steady, patient toil, month after month, year after year, just educating herself on the subject of nursing, which made it possible for her to achieve that great work when the time came. People do not become heroes or heroines all at once. A man or woman cannot be idle or selfish or easy-going for years, and then all of a sudden show the spirit of bravery or self-sacrifice or heroism. What made Florence Nightingale the heroine she was, in my thought, was not the work she did there in the Crimea, but that steady work of the years before; so that when the time came, all she did was to show what sort of a heroine she had been all the time.

Women everywhere are proud of Florence Nightingale, and more than that, the men, too, are proud of her. Her name ranks with the names of the great soldiers of history. In future ages when the story of warfare is written, beginning from the earliest times and coming down to the modern world, there will be not only an account of the great generals whose names I have mentioned to you before, but somewhere in the history there will be a chapter devoted to the work of this brave heroine, Florence Nightingale.

Classic for Recitation.

"I behold the surest pledges, that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views, nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests; so on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the pre-eminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world. I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded, that the propitious smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked, on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people."—Inaugural Address, George Washington.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—This lesson could be divided into parts if thought best, inasmuch as it covers a good deal of ground. Avoid, however, going too far into details, inasmuch as you may encroach upon points coming up in the ensuing discussions. For example, it would be well to refrain from entering at any length upon the subject of "soldiers," "war," or "dying for one's country," inasmuch as all this will be considered more at length later on. Be sure to have the pupils, each and all, commit the lines at the beginning of the lesson to memory, as one of the rare treasures of our literature. There may be a difficulty in bringing home much of the sentiment side to a certain class of boys or girls who have not been educated at all into this feeling. Where this is the case, you might plunge at once into the main theme for discussion and say little about the lines of poetry. There is a certain type of pupil who can be reached only through the practical elements of the subject. As to the poem, tell the young people how it arose, from the fact that one of the soldiers leaned over from his cot and tried to kiss the shadow of Florence Nightingale as she passed him. This would be a beautiful poem for public recitation. In connection with the poem and story, if possible show a picture of the heroine.

A Dewdrop Journey.

A conversation with a drop of dew
I held last night. It said: "When first the dawn
Of Eden blushed I glittered on the lawn;
And from the flood I saw the ark pursue
Its lonely course; then Moses passing through
The Red Sea I beheld; when hope was gone,
At touch of Aaron's rod my feet were drawn
By magic down that rock-bound avenue!"

I have passed up and down the countless ways
Of sea and land; on Etna's burning cone
My lips are often parched; in blinding haze
Of Labrador I grope, and in the Polar zone
My tongue is palsied; oft my soul surveys
And faces death from dread Niagara's throne!

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